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Northern Messenger

MW Bronscombe 30 Nov 09

VOLUME XLIV. No. 10 MONTREAL, MARCH 5, 1909. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.

—'Toilers of the Deep.'

We Two Shall Win

It was a pleasant picture I saw as I entered the open door of Big Donald's cottage, and the boyish voice of young Donald rang out clear and strong. He finished a verse of the poem he was reading as if he almost knew it by heart, and after greeting them both I asked what it was that interested them so much.

'Father's not great in reading to himself,' said the boy, 'but he likes it fine to have me read, and this is one of his favorite bits, and he has made me read it over until I've almost worn out the paper he found it in.'

'I don't know if it's good poetry, sir,' Big Donald said, 'but it's one of the things that seems to go to your heart. My father was lost at sea when I wasn't much older than this lad, and I had a hard struggle to get

bread for my mother and little sisters, and many a day I felt my own weakness and could never have pulled through but for the help of the Lord. Just let young Donald read it to you, sir, and you'll understand why I like it.'

WE TWO SHALL WIN.

I cannot do it alone,
The waves run fast and high,
And the fogs close chill around,
And the light goes out in the sky;
But I know that we two
Shall win in the end—
Jesus and I.

I cannot row it myself,
My boat on the raging sea;
But beside me sits Another
Who pulls and steers with me,
And I know that we two
Shall come safe into port—
His child and He.

Coward and wayward and weak,
I change with the changing sky.
To-day so eager and brave,
To-morrow not caring to try;
But He never gives in,
So we two shall win—
Jesus and I.

Strong and tender and true,
Crucified once for me!
Never will He change, I know,
Whatever I may be!
But all he says I must do,
Ever from sin to keep free,
We shall finish our course
And reach home at last—
His child and He.

I did understand, and reverently gave thanks for the message I had heeded so badly in my discouragement over work that seemed a failure, though I had been giving all my strength to the service of Donald's Lord and mine.

A Response.

(S. Alice Ranlett, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

A little wayside pool, left by the rain,
Earth-bound, nor fair, nor bright;
But, see! the sun, low sinking, with its train
Of gold and crimson light.

A living, glowing color ecstasy,
Freed from its earthly bonds,
To all the glory of the western sky
The wayside pool responds.

A lowly life, humble and meek and still,
Set in an obscure place,
May shine with glory, living out God's will,
Reflecting his own face.

Work in Labrador.

WHAT TO SEND TO HARRINGTON.

The following letter, written by Nurse Mayou, in response to some queries about the main needs at Harrington, should set a good many friends of the mission to work at once preparing such gifts to go by the earliest shipment. The sooner your gifts reach Harrington the better, as it does not do to risk their being too late. The suggestions as to packing and forwarding are just what so many have wanted, but if it is not desired to send such contributions direct, send early in May to Miss Roddick, 80 Union avenue, Montreal, and your gifts will go forward with the main shipment.

Harrington Hospital,
Oct. 28, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor:

The 'King Edward' has been here just four times this summer, not at all in September, and her owners are doubtful whether she will come in November as she did last year. If she does not we shall be in rather a bad fix, for she is to bring twenty tons of coal for the hospital furnace, sugar and butter for the doctor's winter supply, besides our mail and various other small things.

We have been very short this year of clothing of all kinds for men and boys. Last year we had a barrel of beautifully warm underwear and socks for men (there was no name in the barrel, so we could not thank the donor) and some fine warm grey and blue flannel shirts; this year nothing of the kind. With the exception of some beautifully dressed dolls from Montreal we have had very few things for us to use as Christmas gifts. Nevertheless, we have had some beautiful things sent to us, abundantly proving that the Mission has many true and generous friends. Two Woodstock Chapters of the Daughters of the Empire worked for us last winter with magnificent results of perfectly made warm clothing of first-class material, and several tins of canned goods, which I find so valuable for distribution. Semi-starvation is the chronic condition of nine-tenths of those needing the doctor's care, and the body needs a more varied diet than is afforded by tea, flour, molasses, dried fish, pickled pork and beef; I was so glad to be able to give away to anaemic, poorly nourished convalescents, cocoa, milk, bovril, jelly powders, soups, etc. Woodstock always sends us first-class articles, and they are always so well packed. One word about the packing. Several things reached us in a damp and mildewed condition; unless the boxes, barrels, and bales are well lined with magazines or waterproof paper, the damp and rats get inside, for it is often several months before we get them. Things sent this year in the beginning of June, we received on Sept. 22.

As the dietary of the people needs enlarging, I am planning to have next year a flower show to encourage the growing of vegetables. I mentioned to my friends my need for seeds, and have had most generous responses, and to my surprise and delight an assortment of seeds grown in Alaska from Mr. David Fairchild, of the Bureau of Plant Distribution, Washington, D.C. He sent them unsolicited, and has been most courteous, I am hoping for great things next year. Gardening is done here under great difficulties, for a foot below the surface the ground is permanently frozen; the snow does not all disappear until the first of July; we have no leaf mould, for here are no deciduous trees; no stable litter, for there are no domestic animals; cod's heads, sea-weed, wood washes, and soapy water are the only manure; the ground has all to be made, for our island consists of either swamp or rocks covered with peaty moss, and when made must be closely fenced in with pickets, for the dogs eat everything that is growing.

Dr. Hare is away at present on a trip to the west, the last long one he will be able to make before the ice forms and the winter storms begin. He will have travelled 2,000 miles this summer in his little launch.

I have been asked what Dr. Hare needed most in his journeys: Eating chocolate for his winter journeys, tinned and condensed foods on the launch, coffee and milk, desiccated vegetables, condensed soups, tinned meats, bovril, pork and beans, in fact, anything that does not require cooking, for they have no galley or cooking accommodation.

I have been very busy this summer, and expect next week to begin my winter classes of sewing, night school, and basket making.

People still seem to be a little uncertain as to how things should be sent to us, and as to when it is too late to send any more for the current year. Things should be sent freight paid to either Halifax, care Jas. Thompson, Wood's wharf, and addressed Deep Sea Mission Hospital, Harrington Harbor, or else to Quebec, care Holliday Bros. The first schooner leaves Halifax the beginning of May, and the last the end of August. The date of the steamer's sailing from Quebec would have to be found out from Holliday Bros., who charge storage for anything waiting there.

The cold frosty nights remind us that Christmas will soon be here, so Mrs. Hare and I are already planning for the entertainment that we shall give the children. Mrs. Hare is musical, so she takes charge of the singing and the recitations. Each child in the harbor wants to 'have a piece'; some are so young that they can hardly articulate plainly, but it gives them intense joy to stand up and recite. We tried to make Christmas as happy a time as we could last year. On Christmas Day we had in the afternoon a Christmas tree—with a present on it for everybody in the harbor—recitations, dialogues, gramophone selections, and singing. In the evening, to give harmless recreation for men and boys, we had an entertainment with refreshments. As many of the men and boys could not come because they were away seal fishing, we had as soon after New Year's Day as they could come, an entertainment, with refreshments, for all over fifteen. We had some local talent, some of the Christmas Day dialogues were repeated, and every one seemed to be very happy.

As soon as the ice across to the mainland was strong enough, we went with the presents 'on dog' to the Barageois. It was fine spinning across the ice behind the dogs, who really seemed to enjoy pulling us, and obeyed so quickly, turning to right or left as their drivers shouted 'raa, raa,' or 'eek, eek.' A tree was soon cut down and decorated with the dolls and presents we had brought—mufflers, mitts, braces, handkerchiefs, stockings, socks, for the men, work-bags for the women, mouth organs, knives, books, marbles, tops, games, and noise-producing toys, with trains and blocks for the boys. We had heard whispers, strictly on the quiet, that all the girls wanted dolls, so as friends had been good to us, no one was disappointed. I wish that those who sent us the things could have seen the intense pleasure they gave. The mother instinct sprang into life at once as the little girls, with a look of gratification and joy, took their babies from the tree and at once began to crow over them and utter words of endearment. The boys at once tested the sharpness of their knives, and made music (or noise) with their mouth organs.

A few days later we went to the Sound, nine miles away, taking ourselves the gramophone and the presents 'on dog,' and there again soon had the Christmas tree decked and ready.

The other settlements were all too far away for us to go 'on dog,' so before navigation had closed we had sent the boxes of presents in charge of the teachers sent here by the Diocese of Quebec, so they managed their respective trees and entertainments. Four hundred and twenty in all we made happy last Christmas. Many of them were children who never before had had a present or seen a Christmas tree. I hope we shall be able to do the same thing next year. I should like to say that old broken toys, and fragile mechanical toys are of very little use; they cannot stand the long journey, and generally arrive in a battered condition. Games, too, requiring education, skill and intelligence are not appreciated, for the majority can barely read and write, and the remainder can do neither. I am sure there are some boys in Canada who would like to make happy some boys on the lonely Labrador by sending them some of the things they like themselves; knives, pop-guns, musical tops, and things to blow, tops, balls, ninepins, soldiers, trains, blocks, furnished pencil boxes, games of checkers, toy pistols, kites, pocket handkerchiefs, paint boxes, chalks, ties, warm mitts and gloves, and the girls would, I am sure, like to dress some dolls, for the children here have nothing of which to make dolls' clothing; every bit of material is used for patching the children's own clothes, and when these are too old to be worn, they are torn into strips to be hooked into mats for covering the floors.—'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Friend, Newmarket, Ont., $1.50; Robert G. Sergeant, Clarendon, Ont., $1.50; S. F., P.E.I., $1.00; Young Workers, Lennoxville, Ont., $2.50; A Friend, Hawkesbury, Ont., $1.00; W. H., Somenos, B.C., 25cts.; Total.. .. .. ..$ 6.75

Received for the cots:—Mrs. James Cavert, Carleton Place, Ont., $2.50; Christine Frizell, Winnipeg, $2.00; S. F., P.E.I., $1.00; Total.. .. ..$ 5.00

Received for the komatik:—Bethany Sunday School., Cobourg, Ont., per Herbert Macklin.. .. ..$ 6.25

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,740.92

Total on hand Feb. 16.. .. .. ..$ 1,758.92

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MARCH 14, 1909.

Aeneas and Dorcas.

Acts ix., 31-43. Memory verses 40, 41.

Golden Text.

And Peter said unto him, Aeneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately. Acts ix., 34.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 8.—Acts ix., 31-43.
Tuesday, March 9.—Deut. xv., vii., 11.
Wednesday, March 10.—Job xxvix., 1-13.
Thursday, March 11.—Tim. vi., 9-19.
Friday, March 12.—Matt. xxv., 31-40.
Saturday, March 13.—Gal. vi., 1-10.
Sunday, March 14.—II. Cor. viii., 1-9.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Who can tell me anything about Peter? He was one of Christ's disciples. He had been a fisherman, but he left his work to follow Jesus. (Get the children to tell whatever they can remember). One time when he was with Jesus, he had seen Jesus heal a poor man who had been paralyzed (Matt. ix., 2-8). Everybody was very much surprised then and Peter never forgot about it. At another time when Peter was with Jesus he had seen Him raise a little dead girl to life again (Mark v., 22-43), and that was another incident that Peter always remembered. Do you think Peter could ever do wonderful things like those? Yes, when Jesus was going away from earth He told His disciples that they would do even greater things than He had done (John xiv., 12). In our lesson to-day we are to learn how Peter himself performed two miracles very much like those two of Christ's about which we have just spoken, for Peter cured a paralyzed man and raised a dead woman to life again. Did Peter have power in himself to do these great things? What does our golden text say? Why, then it was Jesus Christ who cured Aeneas just as much as Jesus had cured the other paralytic some years before. Jesus had promised to be with His followers always (Matt. xxviii 20), and here we see that Jesus was keeping that promise. You know how we have been studying about the Christians who first became such after Christ went to heaven, and we have learned a lot about Peter. He became a very great preacher and a missionary, and it was while he was travelling on one of his missionary journeys that he came to the town where Aeneas lived.

FOR THE SENIORS.

It will be as well before proceeding to the lesson to remark on the reason for omitting the first part of the ninth chapter for a while. The conversion of Saul will be taken up later on as an appropriate introduction to the study of his life and labors, but it will be necessary to take some note of it to account for the reason of peace mentioned in the opening verse of our study. Another great reason for this cessation of hostilities on the part of the Jewish authorities, was their great and urgent difficulties with Rome at this time. The Emperor Caligula was attempting to force into the very temple itself a statue of himself for worship, and the agitation among the Jews was extreme. The delay in the intended desecration was sufficient to prevent its execution, for before the Roman authorities in Palestine dared take action against the will of the people, Caligula was murdered and the difficulty was so solved. Meanwhile, however, the Christian Church had rest and Peter was not slow to improve the occasion. From the casual way in which Luke mentions this journey (verse 32) it seems most likely that such trips were customary with Peter. The need for them is very evident. There was at that time no written record of Christ's life and teaching such as we have in the New Testament, and the Christians who had had oral instruction from the apostles, were for the most part those who carried the message to the outlying towns (Acts viii., 4). There would be great necessity to be sure that reports were not garbled, and to make sure that the new adherents were genuine converts. The apostles had felt this responsibility in regard to Samaria (Acts viii., 14), and their coming at that time checked the serious trouble that might have arisen had not Simon's hypocrisy been discovered. 'Constant vigilance is the price of success' is true in the church as much as out. It is interesting to note on whom this great and unusual miracle of raising from the dead was performed:—not on some great apostle or leader of the church, not on the deacon Stephen (Acts vii., 60) or later on the apostle James (Acts xii., 2), but on a simple woman whose life was great only because of its kindliness. It is again that greatest of Christian virtues which Paul extolled in the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

What is great service and what is little? Does not the service of a Dorcas who does the one thing she can do well, and makes coats and garments for the poor, equal in God's sight the gift of millions from the man whose money making is the one thing that he can do well? Who shall say what are the major and what the minor ministries of life? Perhaps most people if asked which is the stronger, wool or steel, would answer 'steel,' unless they considered it too foolish a question to answer at all, and yet experiment has proved that, weight for weight, wool is the stronger of the two. No metal can be made into a hollow rod that will be as strong as a bamboo rod unless it exceeds it in weight. Just as faulty often is the estimate of what constitutes a great service. There are so many who covet the opportunity of doing a great service, and yet wholly overlook the multitude of small services they might render.

'God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.'

Let us not fail to make the most of that small way. True service lies not in the magnitude of the deed but in the spirit of the doer.

God bases His rewards, not on conspicuousness of service, but on fidelity to opportunity. —G. Campbell Morgan.

Dorcas was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did—not which she dreamed of doing. Perhaps we imagine that we are full of good works because we think about them and plan to do them; the question is, do we do them?

A Modern Dorcas. A Chinese diplomat, when asked what surprised him most in America, answered, 'State care of the insane, the Y. M. C. A., and the lady in Chicago.' 'The lady in Chicago' is Miss Jane Addams, who, besides founding and conducting Hull House, lecturing, and making books, finds time to be superintendent of streets and alleys in her ward.—The 'Missionary Review of the World.'

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 14.—Topic—How Philip used his opportunity. Acts viii., 26-35.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, March 8.—An old liquor law. Num. vi., 1-4.

Tuesday, March 9.—A temperance society. Jer. xxxv., 5-14, 19.

Wednesday, March 10.—A principle for legislators. Rom. xiii., 8.

Thursday, March 11.—How to treat the liquor ox. Ex. xxi., 28-32.

Friday, March 12.—Drink the foe of justice. Isa. v., 20-24.

Saturday, March 13.—Affinity of drink and fools. Prov. xx. 1.

Sunday, March 14.—Topic—What are our liquor laws, and how are they enforced? Deut. iv 1-9.

Religious News.

The following story from the Rev. D. H. Kliuefelter, in the 'Philippine Christian Advocate,' shows how the 'doctrine is preached' in the Philippines. In the year 1904, a young Filipino living in one of the larger towns of the province of Nueva Ecija had been bold enough to buy from an agent of the American Bible Society a copy of the Bible in Spanish. 'Together he and his wife pored over the pages of the new book, and after a time they came into a joyous experience of salvation from sin and of peace with God. Then a Methodist missionary came to this town and asked if he might hold a religious service in their house, which request was granted, and many of the neighbors came in to hear of the new doctrine of the Book. Soon threatening letters came to these people, letters telling of awful things that would happen to them if they continued in the new way. The letters were unsigned and would be found sticking in the bamboo posts of the fence or under the door of the house every morning. Later, the Methodist Church gave this man an exhorter's license, and a year or two ago he was sent to San José to open up Protestant work. I held quarterly meetings at San José recently and the total membership of the circuit was 395. I dedicated a nice new church, which the members had built without a cent of cost to the mission. I administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to 84 people, and in the entire trip over the circuit I baptized 77 persons.'

On Christmas eve, 1906, Dr. and Mrs. T. W. W. Crawford opened a dispensary at the foot of Mount Kenia. This has developed into a permanent medical mission. In order to provide for the needs of in-patients a compound of small huts has been formed, making 15 beds available. Dr. Crawford wrote recently:

Our work has grown so much that I am making arrangements to extend my in-patient department to 50 beds. We have generally from 25 to 30 in-patients all the time, and only 15 beds! I could take in many more, but, alas! I have no room. However, I am pushing on with my new dispensary and operating-room, and as soon as these are completed I shall turn my old dispensary and operating-room into a hospital ward, and thus be able to accommodate 50 in-patients.

We have a wonderful opportunity, as we come into touch with hundreds every day, and a large congregation of from 300 to 400 on Sundays; so we need to be walking very close with God ourselves in order that He may bless the message delivered in the school, the dispensary, and the chapel services. One sees more and more the need of a close walk with God each day, because heathenism all round us tends to deaden spiritual life; and therefore we need much prayer.—'C. M. S. Gleaner.'

Canadian Pictorial

[For use of our readers who get the 'Messenger' through a club or Sunday School and who wish to order the 'Pictorial' alone.]

.. ..

COUPON.

John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Enclosed find seventy-five cents (.75c) which with this coupon will pay for a year's subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' (regular rate, $1.00), according to special offer made to 'Messenger' readers.

Name.. .. ..

P. O.. .. ..

Date.. .. .. Prov... .. ..

This cut rate good for all Canada outside Montreal and suburbs, also districts mentioned in list on page 15.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by six, printed in purple and white and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

The new members of the league for this week are:—Zopha Goodman, R. D., Alta.; Minnie May Hadley, E., Alta.; Doris MacPhail, and Donald MacPhail, M., Ont.; Helen G. McLean, B., Ont.; Agnes B. Cook, M. F., Ont.; Hazel M. Gould, F., N.B.; Alice M. Elliot, Y., Que.

E., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I wonder how many of the 'Messenger' readers ever saw a moose? I saw two last fall, they came right near to our house. It was a little moose and a big one. The little one was pretty. There are some very nice drawings in the 'Messenger' I think. It is fine sleighing here now.

MYRTLE E. BROWN.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is not my first letter to the 'Messenger,' but it is a long time since I wrote last. I go to school here and am in the Fourth Book. We have a very nice teacher in my room. There are four rooms in school, and we have a splendid school-house. M. is a small town on a branch of the G. T. R. and in Glengarry County. In the summer it is very pretty on account of having so many trees. In the winter there is skating and many other enjoyments. I have a little dog named Brownie. He is brown color, with shaggy hair. He is very fond of me and will play and follow me all over.

ORAL FRITH.

P.S.—I am enclosing two drawings, one a clock by myself, and another by Lorne C. Frith, my brother.

M. J., Jamaica, W.I.

Dear Editor,—I go to a boarding school called Potsdam which is far away from my home. We had a splendid Christmas tree and had an excellent time at Christmas. The rain spoiled many of our planned treats, but in spite of that it did good.

ALFRED C. BROWN (aged 11.)

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near L. which is a pretty little summer resort situated on Owen Sound bay. We live a little over half a mile from school, and on very cold days father drives my sister and me down. We had a nice Christmas tree in the village this year. We all got something nice off it. We had a Santa Claus and a Mrs. Santa Claus to give out the presents. They were very funny, especially Santa, for he had a false face and whiskers. We got a telephone established in our house this fall. We find it very handy, for almost all the neighbors have one and it saves a good many steps. We have a nice large library in our school, over eighty books in all.

JESSIE RUTHERFORD.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Jessie. Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Apple.' Lawrence White (aged 9), P. H., Ont.

2. 'My Little Pony.' Katie McGregor (aged 10), C., Ont.

3. 'Bureau.' Agnes B. Cook, M. F., Ont.

4. 'Our House.' Carl Nichols (aged 10), R., Ont.

5. 'A Swimmer.' Margaret McVagh (aged 14), M., Ont.

6. 'Roses.' Murdena Creelman (aged 12), P., N.S.

8. 'A Pet Cat.' Jean R. McKay (aged 7), P., Ont.

9. 'Head of Golden Eagle.' Watson Latimer (aged 14), R., Ont.

10. 'Watch.' Norman McLennan (aged 7), A. Ont.

11. 'Presbyterian Mission.' William M. Cumming (aged 14), V., Que.

12. 'The Nut Hunter.' Maynard R. Parker, H., N.S.

13. 'Prism.' Eva Price (aged 8), G., Man.

14. 'Pile of Logs.' Fred McElwaine, C. E., Ont.

15. 'Our Emblem.' Melville S. Hodge, T., Que.

16. 'Perfection Pea.' Hazel Gould (aged 12), F., N.B.

OTHER LETTERS.

The Editor has to thank Harold Davies, W. R., Man., and Pearl McConnell, H., Ont., for their Valentine greetings all the nicer for being done by hand. Harold has a pair of skates 'and can skate a little.' Pearl has 'no brothers or sisters, but I have a nice little playmate.'

Carl Nichols, R., Ont., says 'Grandma made me a birthday present of the "Messenger," and I am very fond of reading it.' Your riddles have been asked before, Carl.

Anna Bell Kennedy, B., Ont., writes, 'I am staying at my aunt's this winter to go to school. My mother is dead and I live with my Grandma.'

Luetta Wilson, S. C., Que., has been very ill. 'I was in bed for five weeks, but I am better now.'

Rhoda McLennan, A., Ont., tells us about another convalescent. 'My little brother Kenneth is home from the hospital and is walking.' Kenneth himself says 'I am getting fat like Uncle Norman. He comes down often to see me.'

Mabel Lang, P. P., Man., says 'We keep the Post Office here.' Your riddles have been asked before, Mabel.

May Lang, A., Que., has 'a little pet kitten named Snowball. It is white with a yellow tail and some yellow spots on its head.'

Karl E. Nowlan, H., N.S., says 'We have a dog named King who goes to school with us and comes to meet us at noon, as it is only five minute's walk home.'

Elsie Colp, B. M., N.S., lives 'near the sea shore, and it is very pleasant in the summer.'

Helen G. McLean, B., Ont., answers Zula M. D.'s riddle (Feb. 19)—X-P-D-N-C. Your riddle has been asked before, Helen.

Walter Cheney, M., Ont., says 'not long ago a little white dog came to our place.' What did you do with it, Walter?

Evelyn J. Bogie, U., Que., goes to a Model School. 'My two sisters and I drive 2½ miles every morning and night. We put our horse up for the day. The name of our farm is Hillacres.'

Clifford J. Bradley, L., Ont., likes to go to school. 'I take my hand sleigh to school and have lots of fun with it at noon and recess. I belong to the Maple Leaf Mission Band.'

Jean Burrows, L., Sask., is 'just learning how to milk. My sister can milk. I go to school in the summer, but not in the winter.'

Hazel Gould, F., N.B., says 'We live on a farm in sight of a beautiful lake. Our land goes right to the lake.'

Eva Cresey, L. M., Que., writes 'We are having very cold weather down here, but I am pleased to say I am able to go to school.' Your drawing and your sister's will go in later, Eva.

Erle McVagh, M., Ont., asks this riddle: 'I came from a goose; I can speak in all languages and yet have no tongue.' Your other riddle has been asked before, Erle.

Lawrence White, P. H., Ont., likes skating very much 'but I took many tumbles at the first.' Of course you did, Lawrence.

Alice M. Elliot, Y., Que., asks this riddle: 'I took a cake in my hand and walked about the room, but when I came to the door I could not eat it.'

Aubrey Lusty, W. A., N.S., sends a short letter with a drawing. The drawing is very good, Aubrey, and will go in later.

We also received short letters from Hazel V. Miller, R. C., N.B., who is 'very interested in reading the other letters'; Ruth Shaw, D., Ont.; Watson Latimer, R., Ont.; Laura Murrell, E. H., Ont.; Gladys B. Mitchell, L., Ont.

BOYS! YOUR CHANCE

Everyone wants to see Pictures of the Montreal Ice Castle and Winter Carnival. The 'Canadian Pictorial' at **15 Cents** a copy, will be the best Souvenir they can get anywhere. **YOU** can make **BIG MONEY** or earn splendid premiums by selling it to them.

A card to us will give you full particulars of our liberal offers.

John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' Witness Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Read advts. elsewhere in this issue about it.

BOYS AND GIRLS

'Add a Step.'

[(E. E. Brown, in 'October St. Nicholas.')

'O father! my sword is too short, I know!
And how can I win the day
When, hand to hand, I must meet the foe
And keep him—with this!—at bay?'

'Say not, weak boy, that your sword is too short,
But add a step to its length!'
Was the Spartan father's stern retort
As he tested the young lad's strength.

Ah! many a time in the battle of life
When we murmur, disheartened and sad,
O'er our poor short swords, we might win in the strife
Had we courage the step to add!

Tony's Temptation.

'Tony, Tony,' called Mrs. Murphy, from the adjoining bedroom, 'ye'd better be gittin' up, son, else ye'll be late about yer work.'

Tony turned over in bed with a groan. He thought it hard luck that he should have to get up while the stars still twinkled in the sky, and tramp through the darkness to work, where he tended furnace and built fires.

'Ain't it awful early, ma?'

'Early enough,' replied his mother; 'but by the time ye're up and dressed, and have got all the pans and ashes took up, 'twon't be none too soon, I reckon.'

A brave, manly spirit had little Tony, else how could he have had the courage to enter, all alone, the big black empty room, and with just the flickering light of one small candle, to creep through dark passages and around spooky-looking corners that would cause an older person's heart to quake?

On this particular morning as he bent over the ash-pan in Mrs. Vanderford's parlor, his eye caught the gleam of something bright that, in the reflected light of his candle, glistened and sparkled in the midst of the ashes.

The next moment Tony knew that the gold ring which lay in the palm of his grimy little hand held a diamond of almost priceless value.

'Whose can it be? What are you going to do with it?' whispered a voice in Tony's ear. The voice was that of his guardian angel.

Then another voice whispered: 'It's mine, of course; I found it. After a while I'm going to sell it and buy, oh! so many things—dresses for ma and the children, and heaps and heaps of good things for us all to eat.' This was the tempter's voice.

Again the angel's voice questioned: 'Hadn't you better show it to Mrs. Vanderford, and let her tell you what to do?'

And the tempter's voice quickly replied: 'No; if I did, she might say it was here, and take it away from me.'

So little Tony fought his battle all alone in the dark.

As Mrs. Vanderford was sitting down to breakfast that morning the man brought word that a little boy wished to speak to her.

'Let him come in here,' said Mrs. Vanderford.

In a few moments Tony, ragged and dirty, stood twisting his cap in the doorway.

'Is there anything wrong with the furnace? Is your mother sick again, Tony?' she asked.

'No'm, it's all right. Yes'm, it smoked a little this morning, but I soon put it out,' he answered, awkwardly, in embarrassment.

In a moment his shyness began to wear off. He advanced boldly, ring in hand, saying: 'I found this in the ash-pan this morning, ma'am. I thought as you might know whose it was.'

'It is Mrs. Johnston's ring. It is worth a fortune. I remember, now, she was standing near the grate when she drew her gloves off. Soon afterward she missed the ring. We all looked everywhere for it, and at last she concluded it must have been lost either in her carriage or on the street. Do you know where Mrs. Johnston lives, Tony?'

Tony shook his head, and his heart sank. The evil voice was maliciously whispering: 'I told you so.'

'Her house is No. 703 West Fifth Avenue,' continued Mrs. Vanderford. 'You must take the ring to her. I know she will be glad to get it back.'

Tony's morning work had left him so dirty that Mrs. Johnston's maid almost refused to take his message to her mistress. She thought that he had come to beg. Mrs. Johnston, however, had overheard the conversation, and hastened out upon the porch, saying: 'A little boy to see me, Mary? What can I do for you this morning?' She, too, thought Tony was a beggar.

'I found this in Mrs. Vanderford's ash-pan. She told me to bring it to you,' and Tony handed her the ring.

The next moment he hardly knew what to think, for that lady screamed so loud that her husband came running out to see what was the matter.

'Our engagement ring, Roland! Oh, how glad I am!'

'And this little man found it and brought it back, did he?' said Mr. Johnston. 'Why didn't you keep it? Don't you know it was worth $5,000?'

'I wanted to keep it, but I knew it wasn't mine,' Tony replied.

'Maybe you thought the reward was worth more than the ring?'

'I didn't know there was any reward. I knew it was the right thing to do.'

'Didn't know there was a reward, eh? Can you read?'

'Yes, sir; I'm in the fifth grade.'

Then Mr. Johnston drew Tony to him, and showed the advertisement that he had put into that morning's paper, offering $500 reward for the return of his wife's ring.

Five hundred dollars! Tony could hardly believe his ears; but Mr. Johnston made it seem real by asking if he would like the money paid at once, or if he would rather put it into the bank for safe keeping.

Tony was so excited that he hardly knew what to say. Finally he stammered, 'Please, sir, would that be enough to buy our house, so's ma won't have to pay the rent every month?'

'Where is your house, my boy?'

'On Front Street, sir.'

Then Mr. Johnston rightly guessed that Tony's house was one of the many dilapidated cottages just out of the water's edge on Front Street. He told him that he could buy that house and still have a snug sum left.

How Tony's heart was thumping against his ribs! He could hardly wait for Mr. Johnston to quit talking, he was so anxious to run home and tell the good news to his mother.

And the happiest moment of all this happy day for Tony was when his mother, after having heard the whole story, took him up into her lap, just like she did the baby, and holding him close against her heart, whispered into his ear: 'Tony, I thank God for givin' me such a son. 'Tis a honor to the whole family ye do be.'—'Cumberland Presbyterian.'

Robert's Bog.

(S. H., in the 'Youth's Companion.')

'Father, may I have five cents for a lead-pencil?' asked Robert, as he threw his cap back on his head and gathered up his school-books.

'Again?' asked his father, in some surprise. 'I think that is the fourth time this week.'

'Yes, but I lose them. I don't know where they go,' declared Robert, warming to his subject. 'I can't keep a ball, either.'

His father reached slowly down into his pocket and drew out his hand empty. 'I find that is so with my money,' he said, quietly. 'I have very hard work to keep my small change. I haven't a nickel this morning.'

Robert was silent with surprise. No money! 'But, father—' he began.

'You will have to learn to keep track of your belongings. I have decided to keep track of my pennies, and I can't throw them away.'

Robert knew it was useless to argue, and he turned and ran back to his room. They heard him turning over things and hurriedly searching. He was not a boy to whine.

That evening the subject of the pencils was not resumed, but as Robert sat by the fire, he broke out suddenly, 'Father, I wish that marshy land down there by the tennis-court could be filled in. Sometimes we lose our balls over the net, and it's too wet to get them. Couldn't you have the men fill in the place with gravel or something and sod it over?'

His father laid down his paper and drew up near Robert's side of the fire. 'Gravel or something,' he said, 'costs money, and the land would not yield anything but grass after that. Do you think it is right to throw away anything so valuable?'

'Throw away?' asked Robert.

'Yes, throw away property just as you throw away your pencils and your balls. How would you like to have me show you the fun there is in saving something?'

'I'd like it—if it is fun,' laughed Robert.

'I think it would be. Now I will give you all that marshy place to use as you like. You can plant it with cranberry vines—just as the men are doing down on the big bog. You can do the work yourself, except for a little preparing of the land. All I will charge you for that labor is the lead-pencils you use between now and the time your money comes in from your crop. Every time I give you money for a pencil we will set it down, and at the time you sell your cranberries we will substract the amount.'

Robert thought a moment. 'When will the crop be ready?'

'Three years from now—the full crop.'

'Whew!' Robert shook his head. 'That means work,' he said, doubtfully.

'Yes, but it means a lot of fun in learning how to value the results of labor. Try it.'

Robert decided to take his father's offer, and as the next day was Saturday, he worked with the men who prepared the strip of land ready for the vines. It was the fall of the year, just the time to begin. He was eager for the next Saturday to come, when he was to begin to set out his vines. These he obtained from his father's land. The vines were set out one foot apart and in squares of one foot. It was hard work, but Robert was not a boy to turn back from a task, and when it was done and the even rows laid out before him he was proud of his work. It was strange how pleasant it was to think about the crop that would come to him, and how easy it was to keep track of his pencils, and how easy it was to go without the taffy or the whistle and buy his own pencils when he had whittled them down to the smallest point.

The next year there were a few cranberries—just a few quarts that he sold to his mother, but which more than paid for any pencils furnished by his father.

He spent some time during the next year keeping the little bog in order, but as he was a whole year older, he did not mind the work.

On the third year the crop in the bogs was better than for all previous years, and Robert watched every cranberry, as it were, with jealous eye. When September came and it was time to gather them, the little bog yielded three barrels of ripe red berries! Robert sold these with his father's crop at twelve dollars a barrel, and from the money thus earned he had to subtract but seventy-five cents for lead-pencils. He had learned three things—to be careful of his belongings, to work for an object patiently, and to consider his father in the spending of money.

The Way You Lean.

Twenty years ago there were two boys in my Sabbath school class, bright, lively fellows, who interested me very much; only one of them made me sometimes feel anxious, says a writer in 'Young Folks.' I often found him out evenings in company with young rowdies. When I asked him how it happened, he used to say he was only out on an errand; the boys spoke to him, and he could not help speaking, he was sure. Perhaps that was so, still it made me uneasy. I once said to his mother: 'Is not Willie out of nights too much?' 'Willie out nights! Oh, no; Willie does not go out nights.'

The other boy, whose name was Arthur, I never met among the rowdies. His even-

ings, I am sure, were spent at home. I always found him studying his lessons.

That was twenty years ago. Both boys had begun to show which way they were leaning, and how their tastes inclined them. Twenty years will show it plainer.

The other day, I heard of Willie. Somebody met him in Chicago.

'What is he?' I asked.

'A good-for-nothing, certainly, if not worse,' was the answer; 'a shabby, idle, drinking fellow, whom nobody wants to employ.'

'Oh, I am sorry to hear it—sorry, but not surprised. I wonder where Arthur is?'

'Arthur! Why, didn't you know? He has just been taken into partnership with that old firm he served his time with. They could not spare him, so they had to take him in.'

'Good!' I said. 'It is just what I should have expected. He learned right.'—'Home Herald.'

The Transforming Touch of Faith.

Simple faith in Christ as the Son of God seems to me to have been the father of action, and that in the right direction always. Its results have been obscured by the dilution of the simplicity of it. But the experience of the passing years clinches in my mind ever more firmly the conviction that nothing succeeds in transforming the individual like it. Nothing is so practical and potent a power as this faith for making bad men into good ones, and good men into more useful ones. 'The life which I live,' Paul said,—'I live by faith in the Son of God,' and I consider Paul lived a more useful life than any man of his time in inducing righteousness, joy and peace into a moribund world, a triumphant life, a life I would consider a success, a life I should be only too glad to look back on or to take a record of with me wherever I go.

I do not forget, however, that not all men gauge success in the same way. Though if they stopped and thought more I believe they would be much more unanimous on that point, and that their dollars would not loom quite so large. Therefore, I consider my faith a practical thing, not a foolish one.

Nay, more, I own to considering it a desirable thing, and I presume I must thereby be content to write myself down a prejudiced witness henceforth. Yet I do not consider this a stultifying statement. I want to believe in Jesus Christ because I want to attain the ends I know such a faith insures. I consider faith, as Peter did, 'A precious thing.' I believe it can make me master of myself and of the world as John did. I do not expect it to be based on the wisdom of to-day altogether. I believe with Paul that it is well based, 'not on the wisdom of men, but on the power of God,' which I see it exemplify. Where would it have been if based on the wisdom of Paul's day? As he most wisely said, 'Our knowledge is incomplete, it will be cast aside.'

LEAVES from CONGO Sketch Books
Notes
There were telegraph offices in Congo before the whiteman came This is one of them The installation is wireless the instrument is a section of a tree carefully hollowed out (You can see the holes in the sketch), it is beaten with drum sticks the sound travels for many many miles I have heard these sound signals being given to let people know the 'Endeavour' was coming. Uncle Kenred uses one to call his men to work
Bakanguma
F.L.
Febos.

—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

How Johnny Was Cured.

Johnny was a great brag. A brag is a boaster. If he heard a playmate tell of something he had done, no matter what it was, Johnny would give a snort, and exclaim:

'Pooh! That's nothing! Who couldn't do that?'

One evening the family sat around the fire in the sitting room. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing. Alice and Joe were studying their lessons, when Johnny came straggling in. He took a chair by the table and began reading 'Robinson Crusoe.'

Presently Joe, who was younger than Johnny, went up to his brother, saying: 'Look at my drawing. I did it to-day in school. Isn't it good?'

'Pooh! Call that good! You ought to see the one I drew! It beats yours all hollow!'

Joe was rather crestfallen, and little Alice, who had a sympathetic heart, pitied her brother, and, going to Joe, asked him to let her see his drawing.

'I wish I could do as well as you do, Joe,' she said, hoping to revive her brother's drooping spirits.

'Pooh!' sneered John, 'you needn't try to draw; for girls can't make even a straight line.

It was not long before Mr. Boaster left the room for a few moments. When he came back, everything seemed to be going on as when he left. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing, and Joe and Alice were busy with their lessons.

'At last I have finished my hem,' remarked grandma, folding the napkin she had been hemming so industriously.

'Pooh!' said mamma, contemptuously, 'that is nothing. I have done two while you are doing one!'

The children looked up quickly; for who would have believed that she would have spoken so? It was not like her to do so.

Grandma picked up another napkin and began hemming it, but said nothing.

'Papa, look at my examples, please. I have done every one of them, and haven't made a single mistake,' said Alice, crossing the room to where her father was sitting before the open grate fire.

'Pooh! That's nothing,' replied her father, not even taking her paper to look at it. 'You ought to see the way I used to do examples when I was your age!'

Poor little Alice was greatly astonished to hear such a discouraging and boastful remark from her generally kind father, and she was about to turn away when he drew her near to him and whispered something in her ear which brought the smiles to her face.

For a few minutes no one said anything and work went on as before. John was deeply engrossed in the history of Crusoe's adventures, and the other children continued their studies.

'My flowers look so well! I believe the geraniums are going to bloom again,' remarked mamma.

'Pooh! They are not half so thrifty as those I used to raise. Why, I had flowers all winter long, and you have only had a few blossoms in the whole winter,' said grandma, contemptuously.

'What was the matter with everybody?' thought Johnny. He had never known them to be in such a humor as they were that evening.

When papa remarked presently that he had stepped into the grocer's and been weighed that afternoon, and that he 'tipped the beam' at 168 pounds, and that was doing 'pretty well' for him, mamma said, crossly:

'Pooh! You call that doing pretty well? Old Mr. Benson weighs 225 pounds, and no one ever heard him bragging of it.'

Everybody laughed. Papa shouted. It was such a surprise, and grandma got up and left the room to keep from choking with laughter.

John saw them all look at him, and after a minute or two began to 'smell a mouse,' as the saying goes.

'Papa,' said he, 'what are you all laughing about? Is it at me?'

'Well, we are not exactly laughing at you. We thought we would try your way of boasting of our accomplishments, and see how you thought it sounded; but mamma spoiled our game before we had finished it.'

John looked rather sheepish the rest of the evening. He wondered if he was as disagreeable as the older folk that evening when he boasted of what he could do or had done. He was forced to admit that boasting sounded very unpleasant, and he resolved to break himself of the habit.—'Our Morning Globe.'

A Gentle Call.

Sometimes the Christian life begins very simply, especially with the young. Among those who have been under good influences in the home, the church, the Sabbath school, and have been living sweet and gentle lives, free from grosser forms of evil, it is unreasonable to expect any violent 'experience' or marked change in the manner of living. Failing to recognize this fact, many parents continue to wrestle with the Lord in prayer for the conversion of their children long after that change has really taken place; while the children and young people themselves, on account of the same mistaken impression, continue long in strong efforts and deep, unsatisfied longings to become Christians after God has indeed accepted them and they are actually living devotedly in His service.

It is well for us all to recognize how simply and quietly the Christian life sometimes begins.

A thoughtful girl of sixteen years, living in the country at a distance from the church which made attendance irregular, read, on a Sunday, the memoir of a Christian woman. On closing the volume, she said to herself, 'That was a beautiful life.' After a little thought, she added, 'And I should like to live such a life.' A few minutes later she kneeled down and said: 'Lord, I will try from this time.' The decision was made. She went on steadily, and is still a useful and influential Christian woman, honored and beloved, and widely known for her beautiful and devout character.—The Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

What a Good Sheep Dog Knows.

(Mary Austin in 'Harper's.')

What a herd dog has first to learn is to know every one of two or three hundred sheep, and to know them both by sight and smell. This he does thoroughly. When Watterson was running sheep on the plains he had a young collie not yet put to the herd, but kept about the pumping plant. As the sheep came in by hundreds to the troughs, the dog grew so to know them that when they had picked up a stray from another band he discovered it from afar off, and darting as a hornet, nipping and yelping, parted it out from the band. At that time no mere man would have pretended, without the aid of the brand, to recognize any of the thousands that bore it.

How long recollection stays by the dog is not certain, but at least a twelvemonth, as was proved to Filon Girard after he had lost a third of his band when the Santa Anna came roaring up by Lone Pine with a cloud of saffron colored dust on its wings. After shearing of next year, passing close to another band, Filon's dogs set themselves unbidden to routing out of it, and rounding with their own, nearly twenty head, which the herder, being an honest man, freely admitted he had picked up on the mesa following after Filon the spring before.

Quick to know the wilful and unbiddable members of a flock, the wise collie is not sparing of bites, and following after a stubborn stray, will often throw it, and stand guard until help arrives or the sheep shows a better mind. But the herder who has a dog trained at the difficult work of herding range sheep through the chutes and runways into boats and cars for transportation is the fortunate fellow.

There was Peter's dog, Bourdaloue, that, at the Stockton landing, with no assistance, put eight hundred wild sheep from the highlands on the boat in eight minutes, by running along the backs of the flock until he had picked out the stubborn or stupid leaders that caused the sheep to jam in the runway, and by sharp bites set them forward, himself treading the backs of the racing flock, like the premiere equestrienne of the circus, which all the men of the shipping cheered to see.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

The Canadian Pictorial
MARCH ISSUE
WILL BE THE
CARNIVAL NUMBER No. 2.

The first Carnival Number issued in February, before the Carnival began, had of course no pictures of the actual events of the Carnival, excepting one which was inserted toward the end of the sale of the February issue.

The second and final Carnival number contains pictures actually taken and made during the progress of the Carnival, and, therefore, gives a more real idea of the Carnival as it actually was. This is in many ways a more effective number than the February issue, and the demand will probably again exceed the supply. The price is

15 CENTS A COPY (Postpaid).
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If you want copies for yourselves and friends, better remit at once. All orders sent with cash within a week of this date, will be filled, or money promptly returned.

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PICTORIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

HOW THE FEBRUARY NUMBER SOLD

The moderate tone of the above advertisement will be appreciated when it is stated that, when the sale of the February number was not more than half over, the following were among the sales reported by a few out of scores of individual news agents in Montreal alone: Peter Murphy, 3,000; A. T. Chapman, 1,000; W. J. Clarke, 800; Mrs. Wallack, 750; Sammett, 750; Moglowsky, 750; F. E. Phelan, 700; Miss Milloy, 700; A. Benjamin, 600; Mrs. Cohen, 600; Levi, 500. Of course these orders are exclusive of those sent in by the large news companies, with agencies in all the cities and towns, whose orders ran into the thousands, and were only limited because further production was impossible. During the later days of the Montreal sale newsboys readily sold the Carnival number on the street at twenty-five cents a copy. And doubtless the value will rapidly increase for such copies as are preserved intact, so that they will be held at dollars, instead of cents.

Over 40,000 copies sold in Montreal alone within ten days, at prices ranging from fifteen to twenty-five cents a copy.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Mouse

'I'm only a poor little mouse, ma'am!
I live in the wall of your house, ma'am!
With a fragment of cheese and a very few peas
I was having a little carouse, ma'am!

'No mischief at all I intend, ma'am!
I hope you will act as my friend, ma'am!
If my life you should take, many hearts it would break,
And the trouble would be without end ma'am!

'My wife lives in there in the crack, ma'am!
She's waiting for me to come back, ma'am!
She hoped I might find a bit of a rind,
For the children their dinner do lack, ma'am!

''Tis hard living there in the wall, ma'am!
For plaster and mortar will pall, ma'am!
On the minds of the young, and when specially hung—
Ay, upon their poor father they'll fall, ma'am!

'I never was given to strife, ma'am!
Don't look at that terrible knife, ma'am!
The noise overhead that disturbs you in bed—
'Tis the rats, I will venture my life, ma'am!

'In your eyes I see mercy, I'm sure, ma'am!
Oh, there's no need to open the door, ma'am!
I'll slip through the crack, and I'll never come back,
Oh, I'll never come back any more, ma'ma!'—Laura E. Richards in 'St. Nicholas.'

Hiding the Thimble in Sight.

(By Isla May Mullins, in the Youth's Companion.')

'Let's all play "Hiding the Thimble in Sight!"' exclaimed Mildred.

It was a favorite play with all the children and there was at once a chorus of 'Oh, let's!'

It was grandma's birthday, and the little cousins had gathered in from four families to celebrate it. It was true that grandma was at the other end of the house just then, while they held high carnival in the big nursery, where their papas or mammas played long ago; but she enjoyed the sound of their voices, and smiled happily upon the men and women about her who had outgrown the old room. Roy was twelve and Mildred eleven and a half, the two eldest of the cousins, and so they were the leaders. Then there were several eight, nine and 'teners,' as Roy put it, a little six-year-old, and tiny Winnie Wee, not quite three.

Folks do not have their thimbles when visiting, at least these little folks did not, so somebody ran to grandma, who always had everything, and she told them where to find in the nursery a little thimble that had belonged to Winnie Wee's mother when she was a little girl, but they must be sure not to lose it.

Of course Roy had to be 'it' first, so all the rest scampered out in the big hall and chattered and laughed and danced while he hid the thimble in sight. It took him a long time, for of course, being the biggest he must hide it where they never would find it, although in sight.

He at last decided to drive a pin in the wall way up high and just at the edge of the old toy case, to they would not notice it. There was much rapping on the door as the outsiders waited, till at last it was opened and they came rushing in.

Roy stood about with bright eyes, watching every movement as the children flitted here and there, and gave out continual bulletins as to the temperature of each, of course, ignoring the 'warmer' ones as long as possible. 'Oh, you're simply freezing, Edgar. Elizabeth, there's a blizzard over there where you are. Mildred, you'd better tie up your ears; they'll freeze stiff if you stay in that corner. You must be wading through snow-drifts where you are, Tom,' and so on, till obliged to admit that somebody was 'warm,' and then they all flocked to that part of the room. Once or twice somebody had called out, 'I see it!' only to find they were mistaken; but at last a little 'niner' really pointed it out, and Roy had to acknowledge he had not vanquished them.

Then, of course, it was the little 'niner's' turn who had found it to be the one to hide. And so they played at hiding and searching, choosing all the out-of-the-way places they could think of, one sticking it on the rod of the upper hinge behind the door into the hall, which they threw open as they came in, and did not think to look behind for the longest time. At last everybody had hidden the thimble except Winnie Wee.

'Now let Winnie Wee hide it!' exclaimed Mildred.

'O pshaw!' said Roy. 'She can't hide it; she's too little. 'Twouldn't be any fun at all!'

'Yes, she can hide it!' cried Mildred. 'Can't you, Winnie Wee, precious?' Mildred was a real little mother-girl, and Winnie Wee belonging all by herself, as she expressed it, because there were no brothers and sisters, she took the wee waif right under her wing.

'Yes, I tan,' said Wnnie Wee, firmly.

Mildred gave her some instructions, and then they all trooped out. They waited very quietly this time, expecting a prompt call from baby, and to find the thimble on the very first chair. But there was no call, and as they listened there was perfect silence in the big room.

Meantime Winnie Wee stood in the floor as they left her, looking down at the thimble in her hand. She did not notice their first gentle calls, but stood trying it first on one little finger and then another. But it bobbed about and would not stay, and finally, just as there was a clamor from outside the door of:

'Winnie Wee! Winnie Wee! Let us come in!' the thimble stuck fast on one little thumb, and she called, 'Tum!'

They all 'tumbled' in sure enough, and looked about, each expecting to seize the thimble at once. Roy sauntered in alone, not feeling it was even worth while to pick it up from where that baby would probably drop it.

But the searchers did not exclaim at once, and their interest began to quick-

en. Then they looked eagerly high and low, while Roy joined the hunt, at first scornfully, and then as eagerly as the rest.

Finally one and another would say, 'Why, Winnie Wee, you are the best hider of all!' while they whispered to each other that they believed she had thrown it away or swallowed it! At the last dread suggestion Mildred stooped down to the little girl and said:

'Precious, what did you do with it?' But the wee sprite, with hands clasped behind her, only danced up and down, her bright eyes shining. Feeling that she surely could not look so happy with a thimble stuck in her throat, Mildred joined the searchers again. But it was all in vain. They looked and looked and could not find it; even Roy gave it up. Then they all gathered about the little girl, and after much persuasion and promises of candy and treasures of various sorts if she would tell, the little hands were unclasped, and a thimble-capped little thumb popped into view.

'O grandma,' they said, when seated at the table, 'we have had the best time, and Winnie Wee was the mostest fun of all!'

A Lesson for Louie.

Uncle came in one cold morning looking for all the world like a bear, Louie thought, in his big shaggy overcoat. He caught Louie up and gave her a real bear hug, too.

'Hello, Mopsey! where's Popsey?' he asked.

Popsey was Louie's baby sister, two years old, and her name wasn't Popsey any more than Louie's name was Mopsey. But Uncle Jack was all the time calling folks funny names, Louie thought.

'Her gone to sleep,' she said.

Then Uncle Jack put his hand in his pocket and made a great rustling with paper for a minute, before he pulled out two sticks of red-and-white candy and gave them to Louie.

'Too bad Popsey's asleep,' said he.

But I'm afraid Louie was rather glad of it. She took her little rocking chair and sat down by the window to eat her candy.

'Aren't you going to save one stick for Grace?' asked mamma. Popsey's real name was Gracie.

'I guess I won't,' said Louie, speaking low. 'I don't believe candy's good for little mites o' bit of girls. 'Sides I want it myself.'

Just as she swallowed the last bit there came a little call from her bedroom: 'Mamma!'

'Hello,' said Uncle Jack, 'Popsey's awake!'

And in a minute out she came in mamma's arms, rosy and smiling and dimpled.

Then there was another great rustling in Uncle Jack's pocket, and pretty soon—

'Here's for Popsey!' said Uncle Jack.

She took two sticks of candy in her dimpled hands and looked at them a second—dear little Popsey! and then she held out the one that was a little longer than the other to Louie.

'Dis for 'ou,' she cooed, 'and dis for me.'

Poor Louie! the tears rushed into her eyes. She hung her head and blushed. Somehow she didn't want to look at Uncle Jack or mamma. Can you guess why?

'Dis for 'ou!' repeated Popsey, cheerfully, pushing the candy into her hand.

'Take it, Louie,' said mamma.

And Louie took it. But a little afterward mamma overheard her tell Popsey:

'I won't never be such a pig any more, Popsey Baker. And I's always going to 'vide with you, all the time after this, long's I live.'

And mamma said 'Amen.'—'The Youth's Companion.'

The Girl Next Door.

We did not like the girl next door,
  We thought that she was proud.
We both agreed we would not smile,
  Because she had not bowed.

One day when we were going out
  To dig upon the shore,
We crammed the dollies in the cart
  Till it would hold no more.

We'd only gone a little way—
  About a yard or so—
When Benny said, 'Oh, there she is!
  Don't let us see her though.'

As Benny turned away the cart
  Fell over on its side.
The girl next door began to laugh.
  I said it showed her pride.

She followed us just all the way,
  And when we reached the shore,
She took the very piece of sand,
  Where we had dug before.

I said, 'This piece of sand is ours.'
  She said 'The sand is free!'
I said 'I think you're very rude.'
  She said the same to me.

I sat my doll upon the shore,
  And up the water crept.
The summer sun was very hot—
  I think I must have slept—

For when I woke I saw the sea
  Close to my darling child:
The little ripples kissed her feet,
  But still she sat and smiled.

And then the girl I thought was proud
  Ran right into the sea.
She saved my dolly from the waves,
  And brought her back to me.

She said 'I'm glad she isn't wet—'
  'It's such a pretty dress.'
'Are you the girl that lives next door?'
  I only answered, 'Yes.'

And then although I felt so shy—
  I said 'Shall we be friends?'
The girl next door said 'Certainly.'
  And here my story ends.

—'Australasian,

A Discovery.

(By W. L. S.)

Helen and Roger were staying with their grandparents. Although they were not exactly city children, yet there were enough new sights and sounds here to keep them busy asking questions and trying to find out for themselves.

The hens fascinated them a good deal.

At night they would peep into the hen-house and watch the row of cuddled-up chickens balanced on the roosting-poles.

'Aren't they funny?' said Roger, who was the younger of the two. 'They look as if their heads had been pushed down into their bodies.'

'I know it,' said Helen. 'But see their feet curled round the pole so tightly. I should think it would keep them awake, holding on so hard.'

When Helen asked her father how it was the hens did not get tired out holding so tightly to the poles, he said, 'Why, they do not have to hold on. When they sit down their claws shut up by themselves, and they can't fall off if they wanted to, without first standing up.'

'How funny!' exclaimed Roger.

'Next time you see a chicken walking,' continued their father, 'just notice that when she steps high, her claws close together the same way they do when she sits down. If you were like that, you could perch on the back of a chair all night.'

'My!' said Roger, as they reached the house. 'Let me sit up and try it!'—'Youth's Companion.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Alcohol.

A spirit produced by fermentation.
L arge doses kill; small doses injure.
C annot give real warmth.
O nly stimulates, cannot strengthen,
H eart overworked by it.
O ne glass does harm.
L eave it alone.

—'League Journal.'

A Heroine.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'Christian Herald.')

I saw her walking down the street in the rain, a big, clumsy woman in a rusty black alpaca dress, and a plain, woollen shawl. She carried an unwieldy bundle and plodded on as if she were tired. My friend said, looking out of the window, 'There goes Mrs. Phoebe Jane Smyth. She's a heroine, the pluckiest, bravest woman I ever saw.'

'She looks as though she was desperately poor,' I said, pityingly. 'What is that bundle, pray?'

'Coats which she has finished, and is taking home to the tailors? She has tried other work, dress-making, I believe; even embroidery and plain sewing have been among the things she has done, and she has gone out nursing and taken in laundry work, but at present she finds the coats pay her best. She has a sick daughter, her son died last year, and she has a crippled grandson in the house. For them all Phoebe Jane is the sole bread-winner.'

'But surely her husband is living still, and he's a gentleman born and bred. He studied law—why, it all comes back to me now—he had a good practice, and was a tall, fine-looking fellow, dark-eyed and with distinguished manner. And Mrs. Smyth used to teach school, she was a pretty graceful girl, not in the least like this person. Perhaps though, she died, and this is the second wife.'

'I think, in a way, she did die, and this is the second wife,' my friend replied, 'but I do not mean what you do. When trust and pride and hope and love die and the woman simply holds on to duty and to her place in life, with grim, stubborn courage,—she becomes another woman. Hard work and sorrow have robbed Mrs. Smyth of her beauty, but she is a splendid creature, and I admire her for the loyal way in which she sticks to Horace, notwithstanding his inebriety. That is the trouble—drink—the poor fellow comes of a long line of roystering forefathers, and he hasn't the physique they had, and then, too, the moral fibre in him has been slackened; very likely he cannot help being a drunkard.'

'Don't say that Louise!' I exclaimed hotly. 'With God's help, any man can help being a drunkard. I believe in people being saved by the grace of God. But tell me more about the Smyths; they interest me. This woman, you say, loves her husband still.'

'I don't know about love. I can't imagine her loving him in just the same way, but there is a love of pity, and some wives have a sort of heavenly tenderness which survives everything else on earth. They went down very slowly at first, then faster, the down grade is generally an easy one at the last.

'Horace lost his law practice as soon as his clients found that his judgment was one not to lean on. Then his Uncle James set him up in a stationery store, a nice stock of paper, envelopes, pencils, pens, books and bric-a-brac, and, as such a shop was needed in our place, we hoped he would get on. Phoebe Jane worked in it early and late, but do all she could, every dollar they made went for liquor, and Horace would come into the shop in a fierce rage, and storm at her before customers, and frighten them, and the thing had to be given up.

'He has stripped the house again and again of everything he could pawn, he has turned their son out of doors on a bitterly cold night. I once saw him with my own eyes push her out at midnight, then lock the door, and standing inside, laugh with insane mirth. That night I took her in, and she slept till morning on the couch in my parlor. All she said was that "poor Horace had been overworked, and was not himself, delirious in fact. No kinder man lived, when he was himself." Nobody has ever seen her lift the veil from the sanctuary of her married life, no one has ever heard her speak of Horace Smyth except with respect and affection. I call that brave.'

'Do you think he will ever reform?' I asked the question doubtingly, for alas! we Christians are great and sinful sceptics when it comes to reforming men, just as we are bitterly cold, cruel and unfeeling in our treatment of men who have reformed, always remembering their past, unlike Him who blots out His people's transgressions, and says He will remember their iniquities no more.

'I am sure that Horace will be a reformed man before he dies,' Louise answered firmly. 'Lots of people are praying for him. He has taken to going to church and prayer-meeting, a good sign, and if he can be but truly converted, which may God grant, he will yet rise erect in new manhood, and trample the fetters of the old habit under his feet.'

'Louise, you talk as if you faced an audience,' I said, smiling. 'I hope Mrs. Smyth is sustained by as intense a conviction.'

'I think she is; I hope so,' my friend replied. 'There, she is coming back. I will ask her in for a cup of tea.'

Louise tapped on the pane. Mrs. Smyth, this time without the bundle, came in at the little gate, and with a cheerful smile lighting up her countenance, entered the parlor.

'I am so glad to give you a cup of our new tea; a missionary friend sent it to me from China,' explained Louise. 'Nothing rests one like a cup of hot tea. I cannot say that I care for it iced, myself.'

We talked a little while over the respective merits of hot and cold tea, and then Mrs. Smyth said:

'I have good news, and I must tell it you; my husband has gained a position in the city, a position of trust, and I hope he will be able to do justice to his talents hereafter. He is perfectly well again, and I have given up, to-day, my work at Clark and Buttle's.'

This was before me. When she went out, Louise accompanied her to the door, and there Mrs. Smyth broke down.

'Dear Horace has signed the pledge, and has united with the church, and I am the happiest woman this side heaven.'

'From this day on,' said Louise, returning to her cup of tea, and looking wistfully after her departing guest, 'no day shall ever pass without my having a special season of prayer for the Smyths. She is a heroine, and he, I trust, a brand plucked from the burning.'

A Safe Road.

'All who drink do not become drunkards,' some say. I know that. But if fifty young men begin to drink, some will be assuredly ruined by it. Then there is a risk. Now, we all desire safety and security. Suppose you desire to travel, and there are two lines of road—one on which there were accidents constantly occurring, on every train some disaster, passengers killed and wounded, in short, a very risky road, and on the other, never since its opening, had there been the slightest accident. Which road would you take? If you are sensible and regard your own welfare, you would take the safe one. Suppose some one should tempt you to take the risky road by telling you how much more beautiful the cars were and what a jolly company you would find on board the train? You would say: 'I care not so much for gaudy cars and jolly company as for my safety. I want to be safe.' Now, it is your safety we seek when we urge you to abstain entirely from strong drink.—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

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If you enter this contest, send postcard to Orange Meat, Kingston, giving full name and address, and mention the paper in which you saw this advertisement.

..HOUSEHOLD..

Teaching Purity.

(By Frances E. Willard.)

'How early shall we teach? The age will vary, but be sure to let purity have the first word. The child will ask questions early; let not the coarse reply get in its work before the chaste one comes.'

Household Hints.

Dissolve two pounds of alum in three quarts of water, and to clean bed bugs out of your furniture paint every crack and hole with the alum. They will not live in it. Keep the alum boiling hot while you are using it.

It is said that if stove polish is mixed with turpentine instead of water it will not only be very black and glossy, but will last longer.

Two or three lumps of sugar added to starch made with boiling water will make it stiffer and more glossy. A teaspoonful of turpentine added to every quart of starch, either hot or cold, will give a brilliantly polished surface and prevent the iron sticking.

Untimely Words.

A frightened child is to be soothed, not scolded. Any rebuke which it deserves is not to be given while it is almost wild with terror. A despondent man needs, for the hour, words of cheer rather than merited reproof. A clergyman who valued highly his loving wife's criticisms upon his words and manner in the pulpit, asked her not to tell him what she had noticed out of the way when he was fresh from his exhausting service, but to say all the encouraging words she could to begin with, saving her list of blunders until he had recovered sufficient nervous force to meet bravely their disheartening array. If a husband would find fault with his wife, or a wife with her husband, let it never, never be done before others. A rebuke under such circumstances is always untimely. To do it fittingly at any time requires wisdom, tact, and grace. If an author shows you a book of his, or an artist invites you to look at his latest painting, do not first point out the errors your quick eye observes there, but speak all the pleasant words you can of the work before you, and then, unless you have some very good reason for saying something else, unless there is some positive gain to be hoped for through your speaking, keep silence. 'He that refraineth his lips'—at such a time—is wise. And if you find that you have had trouble, or have made it, through what you have spoken in hearty sincerity to others, do not console yourself with the thought that they are true words, kindly-intentioned words, but consider well if they were fitting words, timely words—hence, prudent words. The speaking of untimely words may be a crying fault of yours—a fault to be recognized and battled, and by God's help corrected. The more you think it is not so, the greater is the probability that it is your besetting sin.—'Christian Globe.'

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ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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